THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

No. II.

THAT Lavater's fragments, which contain principles themselves incontrovertible, are calculated to convince real lovers of truth of the certainty of the science of hysiognomy, it requires no deep analysing of his opinns to believe: Maugre the fierce opposition which his ld and resistles principles have received from the most genious pens, he has triumphantly confuted the pretenons of rude literary despots, and forced them into a ean, and humble acquiescence in his opinions.

I hold it to be established as an incontestible fact, beond the extensive reach of sophistry; not because Laater has so said, but because it is a manifest and undeiable truth, and would have been equally true had he ever have said it; that those very men who have opposd, and written against the science, and all the world beides, whether sensibly or otherwise, are daily influenced Physiognomy. The violent and spirited opposition hich it has met with, is of itself sufficient to satisfy the reatest sceptick, and to my mind furnishes the strongest gument of a secret belief in the science by its sturdiest versaries. SULTZER affirms, and the experience of ankind sufficiently proves the fact, that every man, nay very living creature after its manner, either consciously unconsciously, knows something of Physiognomy, and aws inferences instinctively for its own safety, and bet guide, from the external to the internal, influenced the ungovernable idea that every exterior sign is the mbol of some inherent quality.

And let us here observe the correctness of Lavater's declaration that the most pitiable absurdities have been written against Physiognomy. That this sublime science, so little studied and less understood, should be debased by the most foolish, puerile attacks, & be confounded with divination by the countenance & quackery of chiromancers, is equally to be derided. If the science be so glaringly false and pernicious in its consequences as is so strenuously contended for, why have not those splendid possessors of talents, taste and genius, who have spent their vigour in a fruitless effort, from the time of Aristotle to the present day, displayed a more generous candour and impartiality, than their unfair investigation of the subject has betrayed.—These and other considerations all conspire to prove an opposition either miserably destitute of substantial grounds, or an unhappy exertion of ill-directed reasoning; together confirming the fashionable philosophy of the present age, "outwardly to treat that with contempt which we are inwardly obliged to believe."

But wherefore, is it, I would fain know of you, Mr. Easy, that amongst all people, in all nations not actually immersed in ignorance, that Lavater, whom I adore as the great master of Physiognomy, together with his favorite, alluring science, have found so many stubborn and implacable enemies? For this simple and obvious reason; because mankind dread the light and are tortured by the searching rays of Physiognomy. It is a mirror, that reflects too truly to be admired; a scrutiny, which withers human nerves. Is it not a fact equally notorious, that the most vicious and depraved have always occupied the foremost stand amongst its opposers? And why is it in every instance that this has been and ever will be the case? For no other cause, than that they are convinced of the truth of it in others, and tremble and are terrified lest others should read its truth in themselves, should detect and expose to the world their villainies and impositions, which with impunity they have practiced upon mankind. It is too, from a consciousness of the scarcity of human

beauty that it is so much decried and clamoured at, and has become the terror of vice and wickedness. A secret dread lest the base character concealed under a fair exterior be dragged into light and exhibited in its own unborrowed colours, and thus incapicitated from again practicing his iniquities and impositions upon the credulous and unsuspecting.

Admitting the certainty of the science, to which I imagine there is little doubt it has been reduced (yet Lavater himself pretends not to infallibility) why should the man of a pure unblemished conscience, whose no single act in life was ever tarnished by the feint semblance of vice and iniquity; who secretly exults in the proud possession of a fame unsullied by meanness or dishonour, be uneasy at any judgment which the Physiognomist should pronounce, with however loud-tongued certainty he might speak. The naked, simple fact of opposing Physiognomy, to my mind always has served, and ever will, as the strongest presumptive evidence, that it proceeds from a consciousness in the opposer that his true character will sink under inspection.

It is contended by some that Lavater's opinions in many of the most important cases carry upon the face of them a conviction of egregious fallacy, and as confirmatory of this rash declaration we are referred to the head given of Socrates in vol. 1st, page 218. Upon a minute examination and strict enquiry into the most prominent and striking traits in the head referred to, I am bold to pronounce that, instead of the case of Socrates being opposed to the science of Physiognomy I consider it one of the strongest confirmations; provided only that this be the true resemblance of Socrates. Let such enquirer examine and judge for himself. Was ever forehead seen like this? It seems to me as if the wisdom of all preceding ages is expressed by the capacious, knotty, arched forehead. The eyebrows it will be said have a heavy, massive appearance; but it is the weight of wisdom. The ugly nose corresponds with the eyebrows. Do not the lips, easily closed, and easily breathing, express benevolence, harmles wit, manly eloquence, well meant censure? But as for the chin, my beloved sage, I should suppose that independently of the other features thou wast salacious as Silenus, as fond of wine as Bacchus. In short, it appears to me that if this head had been presented to me, as an unknown head, I should have formed precisely the judgment I have expressed. I disregard the declaration of Alcibiades and others, or the historical account of his decision. 'Tis preposterous in the extreme to assert that the case of Socrates should militate against Physiognomy! But if it be thought at all an exception it surely must be a trifling one.

I shall now, Mr. Easy, in pursuance of the origin object of my numbers make some remarks on Physiogno my after the manner of Lavater.

No. XXV. in vol. I. page 240, are given two fool which the least skilled in Physiognomy would know to such. It is observable that one of Lavater's great Phys ognomonical *desiderata* is that, when the profil is take the line drawn from the tip of the nose to the most distan point of the back of the bare head, shall be exactly equ to a line drawn to the point, where the neck and ch join to the most distant part of the head. Now bein really struck with the upper fool's head, I measured from mere Physiognomonical curiosity, and found th it possessed the very requisite desired. I then measur the other head and found the same result—that is to say I measured with an allowance to the best of my judgme for the hair. Having my own shade drawn by a machin I found from actual measurement, that mine also posse ed the said requisites. I have just measured Lavate head, and several of the most applauded heads in his boo and found not one of them exactly to answer his rule. Here it would seem was a complete detection of misapp cation of rule; Mr. Lavater and his fine fellows m yield to me and his two fools.

But another great desideratum is that the head be h and arched from the forehead. The more arched the h ter; that is, the more removed from *flat* the better. again those two fools. Are not their heads well arche Now Lavater has made sections of one of his shade there is allowed all the way from the nose to the back the head for a young or petty Physiognomist to form judgment from. There is about half as much for a cond rate Physiognomist; but for your deep, discern ones, like himself, he allows only from the nose, inc ding the descent, to about one inch and an half of forehead. Now *I* would allow Lavater from the mid of the first fool's head to the middle of the back of head. I am much mistaken if he would not ascribe the fool both sense and cunning.

What then? Am I decrying Physiognomy? Far fr it I assure you. I am every day more and more convin of the truth and utility of the science. On this occas I only mean that my master is inconsistent, and liable err from pursuing his own principles. But peradven he might point out to me some capital distinction betw a good arched head and the aforesaid head of the fool On further inspection I believe he would. I have

now examined the shade of an undoubted great man.—The arch of his head, though rising not so much so as that of the fool, seems to have strength and stability inexpressible; whereas the fool's arch is nothing more than an inanimate arch of brick or stone, which, although regular, conveys nothing to the fancy. But, gracious powers! view the arch of the great man, and it seems as if it were animated and could not only support every weight to be laid upon it, but has under it every thing valuable.

After all, I wish Lavater could see, and should determine on a section of the two fools' heads drawn from the upper part of the forehead to the correspondent back part of the head without knowing them. Should he then pronounce a correct judgment, who could suppress an exclamation—"Lavater is infallible!"

ZOPHYRUS.

Reason and free enquiry are the only effectual agents against error; they are the enemies of error, and error only. JEFFERSON.

Mr. Easy,

I consider it to be a duty incumbent on every member of society, to promote, as far as is in his power, the prosperity and welfare of mankind. To root up every plant of error, that encumbers our land; to stem the torrent of absurdity that pours down our streets is certainly the part of the great, the wise, and the good man. And with us, if a man benefits his fellow-citizens by impeding the progress of innovations dangerous, ill concerted, and involving, in their issue, the most pernicious consequenes; or by enlightening them with the most ingenious, brilliant, and salutary discoveries; he is equally deserving of their thanks, commendation, and patronage. Such were my sentiments, such my intention, at the time I addressed to you the essay with the signature of "Philogamus." Such they still remain, and while I have a post of so great honour and importance, to defend, I shall not fly it, even though "Sidney" has "stormed the batlements."

The fifteenth number of the Companion informs me that he has again drawn the bow of contention, and discharged his arrow full at the breast of his adversary: but his arm was nerveless, and the dart fell far short of its object: it was not propelled with sufficient force to penetrate the achilean shield that covers him, not the workmanship of Jove—offending Vulcan but of truth.

But I hasten from these general observations, to particulars that appertain more closely to the subject. I would wish however to advertise my readers, that I am not actuated by motives of spleen or revenge thus again to take up my pen; for indeed a native and fixed dislike to caviling, would stay my hand; did not reason, justice, and truth impel me to the contest.

On my apprisal of Sidney's replication, I expected to find some new arguments advanced, some more conclusive reasoning than he had before used. I sought it; but I sought in vain. He has indeed contributed largely toward filling one number of your paper, but I cannot resist my inclination to add, that it is more remarkable for elegance of composition than for depth of reasoning. While mounted on "fancy's airy pinions," he plucked, and collected, the most pleasing, fragrant, and beautiful flowers, to decorate and adorn—What? A castle built in the air; a castle whose foundation is absurdity, whose covering is declamation, & whose furniture is grandeur without utility. After an enumeration of the heads of the arguments, which in his former essay, he had endeavoured to enforce on the minds of his readers, he thus rapturously exclaims in the language of exultation "It was these assertions, with their demonstrations, that formed the phalanx against which Philogamus had to contend." Observe the word "demonstrations." Undoubtedly had he demonstrably proven, in my opinion, the truth and propriety of his assertions, I should never have drawn my pen in contradiction to him; but I trust that I will convince some of your readers, that his expections are rather sanguine, that his boasted "phalanx" is not altogether impregnable.

In his replication, he boldly accuses me of misrepresenting his ideas relative to his assertion, that nature pointed to early matrimony; but I am disposed to believe that the charge is unfounded. If I am not mistaken I put that construction upon his ideas, which the expression justifies. He averred that it was the intention of nature that young persons should enter early into the married life. I asserted and so I still assert, that it is the more certain road to happiness, and contentment, to wait till that period of human life arrives, when steady maturity of years shall have taken the place of volatile, improvident, and capricious youth. In what point then have I misunderstood him? In what particular have I misrepresented what he has said? I presume in none; nor indeed could I have done it easisily, for he has barely asserted and I have contradicted. If there be any medium between direct assertion and contradiction, I will acknowledge that I may have been guilty of misrepresentation; but I believe there is none, and therefore cannot conceive that I am culpable.

Inconsistency is another mark of incorrectness, with

which he would brand my devoted forehead. But I hope I shall be able to plead my excuse with success, before the inflexible, and unerring tribunal of justice. He charges me with "denying and assenting to the same proposition in the same paragraph;" because I have not granted him implicit belief, when he says that extravagant passions were given us in youth, merely as incentives to matrimonial subjugation; because I have chosen to account for them, rather as some wise and secret dispensation of providence, calculated to promote his honour and glory, than agree with him in his improbable supposition. Improbable for a reason which I before cited, and which I shall again mention; it is this, if the passions were given us merely to stimulate us to early marriage, we ought to marry much sooner than even the most obsequious devotee to Hymen would think proper: because the passions exist, in a feeble degree, at the age of fourteen or fifteen; yet I would think that man little better than an ideot who should recommend marriage at that age, because the passions then exist. This is the reason why I reject Sidney's hypothesis, and refer it to a decree of the Creator inscrutable by us. Nor was I unmindful of what I said when I pronounced the beforementioned opinion to be my firm belief, for I do not conceive, that I burst the bonds of reason when I reject the above rationale of Sidney, if it contains principles derogatory to the ideas I entertain of right, although I do not pretend to give a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon.

He seems inclined to believe that I have paid no particle of attention to his reasoning under this head, *or I must certainly have become a convert; it would most assuredly have acted as a magic wand in dispersing those mountains of scepticism that lie in my breast:* but I can with confidence assure Sidney that I have paid particular attention to his arguments; I have surveyed them with a scrutinizing eye, and still my doubt remains "firm as a rock within my soul."

It would seem that Sidney would wish to ridicule the idea that any of the Creator's ways are inscrutable; that any of his works are mysterious; and persuade us that it would be possible for man, wafted by the gales of philosophy, "to scale high heaven," penetrate the celestial abode, and, Prometheus like, steal from thence that knowledge, which it never was intended he should possess; and communicate it to the world. However high an opinion Sidney may entertain of the force, strength, and power of human genius and investigation; however strong impreesions human wisdom may have made upon Sidney's mind, with respect to her attainments and exertions; yet there are many acts of Providence, which will ever elude the vigilance, which will ever escape the grasp of man. And should philosophy progress with as rapid strides for a hundred centuries to come, as it has for the two last; should Galileos, Bacons, and Newtons rise up every year, every month, every day, to furnish new materials for the erection of the temple of philosophy, yet would an impenetrable veil hang between them and numerous provisions of the all-wise Creator; a veil which it will ever be impossible for the brilliancy of the human imagination to irradiate, or human ingenuity to tear away. "Cease then vain dust and ashes to be so presumptuous. Mind thine own concerns: Presume not God to scan."

"Man may conjecture and new schemes declare;
"Yet all his systems but conjectures are."

It is not my advice, as Sidney would wish to insinuate, that a man should "grow grey" in his examination of the character of the female whom he would wish to make his companion in life; that he should wait till old age "unnerves his arm" before the roses of Hymen encircle his brow: so far from it, that I should think it the height of impropriety and folly in any person, who should so act. But is there no medium between youth and old age? Yes.—What is it? Physiologists tell us, that from the thirtieth to the thirty-fifth year of human life is the period in which a man's corporeal and intellectual powers exist in the greatest degree of vigour and perfection. "The passions then blow a perpetual storm, then is the time for a man to direct his thoughts toward matrimony; then it is fit, that he should woo the lovely female, nor is it necessary or proper that he should consume a whole age in bringing about that end, which, might be accomplished in a few months. If the foregoing reasoning be just, as I presume it is, how absurd must be the idea held out by Sidney, viz. "that the termination of twenty years of our life is the period most proper for entering into the matrimonial state." Can it be rationally supposed that, when a person is merely in a progressive state from infancy to manhood, (and such he really is at twenty years of age) he ought to take upon him the important appellations and functions of a husband and a father? No! reason forbids it, custom forbids it, and ever will, I hope, in spite of Sidney's elaborate dissertations.

No person will, I believe deny that a man ought to make such provisions and arrangements before hand, as the married life demands. Now what time has the lad of twenty to make such arrangements? Can he be possessed of so much riches by that time, as to ward off the chilling

blasts of poverty, so great plenty as to diffuse tranquility and contentment over the minds of his rising family? No. Reverse the picture, and it will appear depicted in its true colours. The youth who has just emerged from his father's roof, who has no fortune to depend on, marries; but, wife and children, my heart bleeds for you, while I relate the consequence; he marries I say, but mark the dire effects of his temerity: he marries, but alas! he is too soon convinced of his error. His mind is distracted, his soul is rent with anguish, and a thousand conflicting passions struggle for the mastery in his breast, when he hears the heart-piercing words of reproach, mingled with distress, uttered by his wretched consort.—"Husband! why didst thou engage my affections? why did the matrimonial torch light us to the altar of Hymen, until your circumstances, your situation in life authorized you to do so? why didst thou bring me to bare walls and empty shelves? why have we become the parents of children whose tender frames, for want of raiment, must be exposed to the winter's howling storm and the summer's scorching heat, whose bodies must pine, and languish, for lack of nourishment?

It is enough: the distracted husband then repents of his rashness, then wishes he had protracted the day of his marriage to a remoter date. But it is too late: The die is cast; and, unable to relieve the wants of his family and withstand their lamentations, in the perturbation of his mind he betakes himself to the horrid expedient of suicide. I am aware that my opponents in opinion, will here be ready to say, that some young men inherit large patrimonies, and therefore they may marry without any such calamitous consequences. I do not deny that there are some who obtain large fortunes hereditarily; but as they are few when compared with those who have to make their livelihoood by labour and the "sweat of their brow," and as we must not draw general inferences from limited premises, the position still holds good.

Wherefore my young friends, be advised by one who is ambitious of no greater honour, than promoting, as far as his feeble abilities will admit, your happiness. Look before you leap. Take care that you be not swept away by the torrent of precipitancy into the sea of infelicity.—Suffer not yourselves to be led astray by every ignus fatuus of the brain, with a delusive and momentary splendour, which soon dies away and leaves the bewildered pursuer to grope his own trackless way to the correct path. In short, let your minds be impressed with the correctness of the maxim "Ibis tutissimus in medeo."

It would be improper, Friend Easy, to impose on your indulgence, should you be disposed to grant it to this communication, by an unnecessary examination into the minutiæ of Sidney's replication, or an uninteresting detail of all the ideas which every particular might suggest. Nevertheles I importune you to exercise your patience, while I pay a small portion of attention to some charges of misconception, which in all the subtlety of criticism he hes been pleased to prefer against me.

I cannot deny that I was guilty of an oversight, when I pronounced him altogether "unconscious of what might be urged in opposition to what he had advanced," when he contended for the propriety of early marriage; for he himself states an objection, which he considers to be of greater weight than any argument that can be adduced adverse to his opinion, and attempts to shew its invalidity. But I do not agree with him when he supposes it to be an obligation of the greatest importance, nor do I think he has proven it "to rest on a sandy foundation," although I esteem it inferior in importance to many others that must occur to every serious and reflecting mind.—Wherefore had I said that he appeared unconscious of many of the most weighty arguments that might be adduced in opposition to his opinion, I would have been quite aloof from the satire of the critic. But as I am inclined (when engaged in such a subject as this) to pay greater attention to the force and strength of the arguments, than to the punctilious nicety of my expression, I care but little for any small inaccuracies of that kind, provided they do not injuriously affect my position.

Having made such acknowledgments to Sidney, as I thought the nature of the case demanded; I must now inform him that the term of my condescension, though short, is expired; and that I now proceed to convince him that he has attempted to wound me in a part that is not vulnerable. He charges me with having brought a false accusation against him, when I said that he declared love to be a "serious evil;" but I hope any of your readers who will take the trouble to glance their eyes over that part of his first essay that speaks to this subject, will concur with me in sentiment when I plead not guilty. Love he declares to be a passion so violent and so influential over the minds of young persons, that it reigns a despot over the human heart. So august and transcendant is its presence that every other passion cringes into nothingness, before its superior sway. If so, it must most assuredly be an *evil*, inasmuch as its iron rod prevents genius from rearing its majestic head: for I think that no rational man will hesitate to pronounce that an *evil*, which stifles that noble quality of the mind in its growth. And that

he considered it an *evil* is evident, for this reason, because he recommends marriage as the promoter of genius, and the corrector of that domineering love to which the hearts of young unmarried men are subjected. I beg leave once more however to state my dissent from this opinion; for although I do not apprehend that genius is incompatible with marriage, yet I think that it derives no strength or advancement from the connection, nor indeed does it need it, for where love and genius exist in the same breast, the powers of the former are too feeble to make any injurious impression on the latter. Genius is too vigourous a shoot to require any extraneous support. It is a plant whose root strikes too deep, to be destroyed by every noxious weed, that grows in its vicinity. It forms a bulwark in the mind, in which it is impossible for Cùpid and all his congregated allies to make a breach. I would not however wish to be understood as insinuating that the man of genius may not be susceptible of the divine impressions of love; for wretched indeed would be the man, however flourishing his circumstances might be in the world; however brilliant his genius; however extensive his knowledge; in however great estimation he stands with respect to mankind; in however great perfection the other qualities of his mind exist, if his callous heart is insensible to the soothing whispers of Venus: But to permit her to reside sole regent of the heart would be indicative of the greatest imbecility of mind. From the many examples, with which history furnishes us, corroborative of the above reasoning, I shall name but one, viz. the celebrated Chatterton, whose character I presume is too notorious to the public to require any comment.

Young men! you, upon whose minds Sidney's essays may have made any serious impressions, hearken to the dictates of truth. "Listen not with credulity to the whispers of Sidney's fancy. Pursue not with eagerness the phantoms of his imagination. Reflect that the fountain of his reasoning is impregnated with that baneful ingredient absurdity and consequently all the streams that issue from it must partake of the same poisonous nature, wherefore suffer them not to irrigate your minds. Remember he wanders on the mountains of error, & follow him not."

I have now, Sir, said all I shall ever say to Sidney, on this subject. I might have made this communication much more copious, but I think it sufficiently prolix already. I have perhaps said more than is absolutely necessary, but I flatter myself that I have written nothing altogether superfluous. Should this essay so far meet with your approbation as to obtain insertion in yonr valuable Companion, I shall be highly gratified. PHILOGAMUS.

THE BY-STANDER.—No. IV.

——————si volet usus
Quam penes arbitrium et jus et norma. HORACE.

Mr. Easy,

Fashion, ever varying and fickle, sucks every flower from which some pleasure may be extracted, and when satiated with the sweets of one, deserts it for another whose buds are more attractive and inviting. To this we may attribute the flux and influx of fashions, their eccentricities and novel appearances. The same dress and habits which formerly engaged the attention of the *Beau monde*, now appear to the descendants and progeny of the wearer grotesque and antiquated. An amusement much in vogue at present and which has enchained the succumbent minds of the fashionable circles, is, what is denominated a morning feast, or *Levee*. The frequenters of this divertisement are not those ladies who can listen with rapture to the mellifluous tones of wisdom, or who regard the admonition of the engaging Thomson,

> To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
> And sweeten all the joys of social life:
> This be the female dignity and pride;

But those who study to excel in the "swimming mazes of the dance," and affect coquettish airs to fetter the hearts of youthful coxcombs. The number of the former (with pleasure I relate it) is not inconsiderable; higher attainments than captivating giddy boys, by the force of beauty alone, claim their attention: The cultivation of the mind, that exuberant source of exquisite and refined pleasure, which exalts them in colloquial intercourse above the feminalities of their sex. I might unceasingly expatiate upon this theme, but deferring until another opportunity this pleasing subject, I shall conclude these trivial observations, intended to be preparatory to the following essay which accidentally came to my hands, by repeating the remarks of a pleasing and sensible writer, that "Wisdom never appears so charming as when cased in beauty."

The modern fashionable *Levees*, or morning parties, lately introduced into this city, have excited much conversation and discussion of their propriety amongst the females. On the side of opposition, are ranged in a formidable phalanx the old fashionables, elderly and matron like ladies and a select few of the younger: in support of it, the modern belles have marshaled their forces, and a great effusion of blood may alone terminate the contest.—Since its introduction, I have considered and weighed the arguments of each side, and having the honour of an *invite*,* which I accepted, to one, I can the better decide on their propriety.

* A fashionable cant word.

Before this fashion crept into the gay circles of Baltimore the belles were either confined to *sombre home* or occupied their time in parading the streets to catch every passing gaze. Where is the belle who will attend to domestic duties, or who can delight in holding converse with the silent dead, by a perusal of their elegant and immortal compositions? The only resource remaining from *ennui* was to direct her footsteps to the busy haunts of men, most frequented by the pert and smerking beau, and divert their attention from their customary avocations to the contemplation of beauty, elegance and grace. The scene is now reversed; the cares of house-wifery are left to the domesticated few, who demean themselves to perform these servile offices; business more pressing and of much more importance awaits the attendance of the Belle. A Levee has superceded the necessity of scouring the streets for gallants. There are assembled in a small room (if large 'twould mar a charming squeeze) all the most gallant and foppish of the male sex and the most froward of the female. The employment of the gentlemen is to hand round refreshments and whisper soft nonsense in the ears of the ladies. That of the ladies, to partake of the banquet and *titter sweetly* at the profound remarks of the gentlemen. After remaining an hour at this delectable place, they all disperse, some to carry to those who had the unhappiness of being absent, an account of all the particulars, others to figure with their levee-acquainted beaux through the principal streets.

The many advantages of the Levee may by this short and imperfect sketch be easily discerned. Previous to its institution the conversation of ladies(belles)consisted of the accidents of the ball-room or theatre, and the dress and *horrid* looks of other ladies; now they can exercise their loquacity in narrating the occurrences of the preceding morning's levee in addition to their former chit chat. But, say those in the opposition, can you advocate the visiting of Bachelors? Before they visited us; now it is reversed. To this I answer, that, refinement has arrived at that acmé, when dress makes scarce any distinction between the sexes; but this is rather to be rejoiced at, for the sooner the ladies forget the *old and absurd* custom of distant behaviour towards the gentlemen, the sooner we'll arrive at our pristine simplicity of manners. Besides a great poet and an erudite man appears to have doubted of the capability of belles to err;

"————————If belles had faults to hide."

and if we should acquiesce in his opinion, both sides must retire from the field of battle; and all arguments for the abolition of morning parties, being thus undermined, must fall, and Levees obtain your countenance.

D.

An *idle* club has lately been established at Wolverhampton. Every member is allowed *two* chairs, and the president *three*.—*Smoaking* is their only employment, as being *next to nothing*. *London Paper.*

"To think of death," said Madame Clare,
"Is doing well."—Last night, the fair,
Thinking of death, in earnest died,
"*Well done*, my dear," her husband cried.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

E. Has furnished us with a much admired epistle from one of those right worthy ladies whose patriot souls joined in the contest for the liberties of a world. This gentleman is earnestly desired to retire occasionally from the dulness of professional avocation, and assist us in providing for our bantling: under such tutors he would be an *improving* Companion.

"A True American" shall be attended to.

No. 5 of the "By-Stander" is received.

SLIP has slipt his piece into our box—in vain.

We have been peculiarly fortunate in gaining the good opinion of the more amiable part of the community; and we derive from this source, alone, the most ample reward for our unwearied efforts to please. When Woman waits to applaud the noble action, what man so humble as not to aim at excellence.

A gentleman friendly to the Companion read to us the following passages in a letter from a young lady in the country; one whose retirement carries dignity to the interior—one whose virtuous attachment to literature, adds irresistable charms to the elegancies of the female character.

Speaking of the Companion she says—"I am very glad to see it go on with so much spirit. The literati of Baltimore seem to have awakened from a long slumber—I hope it may be long ere another literary famine assail us..... ..... If ——— would allow a person to understand poetry who never wrote any, I should declare the 'Two Pigeons,' (No. 18) was a beautiful poem. What a good quakerly little body she is! But I believe Tom was more fortunate than such *runegates* generally are. They are very liable to receive wounds in their flight that kindness cannot heal....."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. Easy,

I have lately arrived in this city to seek a refuge from political persecution in my native country on the other side the Atlantic.—Here I flattered myself, I should have tasted the sweets of liberty, *but, I have fatally experienced the contrary: A few evenings past I was introduced to a circle of the finest females I ever beheld, when, as if by incantation, I became (if possible) more a slave than ever. The image of the divine enchantress has so engrossed my attention that I have (like most lovers) invoked the muses to my aid, and have taken the liberty to request the insertion of the following lines in the Companion.*

TO MARIA.

Come gentle love, whose smiling form inspires
Each tender wish, all elegant desires;
Come thou soft pow'r, who with MARIA's charms
Each soul enraptures and each bosom warms;
Come with that form, where all are wont to trace
Endearing sweetness, unaffected grace;
Which angels did with hallowed hands prepare
And nature moulded with peculiar care;
Minerva, with her choicest gifts inspir'd
The beauteous plan, which when she heard, admir'd,
And virtuous freedom warm'd with purest zeal
Her patriot heart and taught it how to feel.
Come with those eyes where tender pity shines,
Where softness beams, where joy with love combines;
Where in each glance, as with unconscious ray,
Bright, glowing genius ever seems to play,
If from those orbs should lucid drops e'er flow
For others sorrows, melt at others woe,
O be it thine in exquisite employ
To heal each grief and double ev'ry joy. ERIN.

TO HER WHO MAY NOT UNDERSTAND THEM.

Ah! blame not my want of respect,
Ah! chide not my coldness tow'rds thee,
Thou could'st not one moment suspect
Thy beauty was slighted by me:

For charms so divine you possess,
That hard and unfeeling's the heart
That would not with pleasure confess
The raptures thy beauties impart.

My bosom with firmness endued,
Ne'er yielded to love's sweet alarms;
'Till the graces this firmness subdued
And surrendered my heart to thy charms.

Now captive to love and to thee,
The rigour of frown's I endure;
Yet trusting the warmth of my plea
Will mildness and favour procure.

Deprived of the sun's genial rays,
But cheered by the lustre of thine,
Such pleasure, thy presence conveys,
I'd never for freedom repine. J.

Mr. Easy,

D's poetical note to a young lady accompanied with a box of lip-salve, reminded me of a petite bagatelle *sent to a young lady of thirty-five years with a box of rouge—I rummaged my cabinet and at last discovered it— there is a remarkable coincidence between the two. If you consider it worthy of insertion you will gratify*

THE AUTHOR'S FRIEND.

Since the rude hand of hoary time,
Vermilion from thy cheek has moved,
And lover's verse no longer chime,
For time their constancy has proved:

Soon shall this rouge's reviving pow'r,
The vivid hue of youth impart,
And as a spring's refreshing show'r,
Pour comfort on thy drooping heart. ADONIS.

ON A SCOLDING COUPLE NOT FAR FROM HERE.

He's proud and he's saucy, she's saucy and proud,
Both at all times, are peevish, or sulky and loud;
They quarrel from morning to night as we see,
Yet we're apt to cry out—How the deuce can that be,
For, in perfect ill humour they always agree.

S. F.

EPIGRAMS BY THE REV. S. BISHOP.

Though George, with respect to the wrong and the right,
Is of twenty opinions, 'twixt morning and night;
If you call him a turn-coat, you injure the man;
He's the pink of consistency on his own plan,
While to stick to the strongest is always his trim;
'Tis not he changes side, 'tis the side changes him.

Celia her sex's foible shuns;
Her tongue no length of larum runs;
Two phrases answer every part:
One *gain'd*, one *breaks* her husband's heart;
I will, she said, when made a bride;—
I won't—through all her life beside.

Old Gulo, one day, gravely shaking his head,
To his comrades a lecture of temperance read
"In all eating and drinking proportion pursue;
"That's my method," said he—and indeed he said true;
For wherever good wine and good ven'son he found,
He would drink ye three bottles—and eat ye three pound.

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